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Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXII. WELLESLEY, DECEMBER 11, 1913. NO. 11.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, December 11, French lecture, 7.30 P.M. Billings Hall, M. Bernard Baldensperger. Subject: Madame de Stael.

Saturday, December 13, College Settlements' Doll Show.

Sunday, December 14, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M., preacher, Rev. Henry Hallam Tweedy of Yale University.

7.00 P.M., vespers, Christmas music.

Monday, December 15, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., second Artist Recital. Frances Alda, soprano, Frank Lafarge, pianist, Gusia Casini, 'cellist.

Wednesday, December 17, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., Christian Association, Christmas carols. Mr. Macdougall and the choir.

Thursday, December 18, 12.30 P.M., College closes.

Wednesday, January 7, registration closes, 1 P.M.

THE JUNIOR PLAY.

On the evenings of December 5 and 6, the class of 1915 presented "Beau Brummel," by Clyde Fitch. The cast was as follows:

The Prince of Wales	Hildegarde Jones
Beau Brummel	K. Tracy L'Engle
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	Elsie W. Norton
Reginald Courtenay	Florence M Halsted
Mortimer	Justine De P. Adams
Mr. Oliver Vincent	Johnette J. Pierik
Lord Manly	Carrie Travers
Mr. Abrahams	Georgia K. Titcomb
Bailiffs	Rachel Davis, Rowena S. Nye
Prince's Footman	Gladys K. Gould
Simpson	Leora C. Mitchell
The Duchess of Leamington	Margaret Garside
Mariana Vincent	Lucie D. Taussig
Mrs. St. Aubyn	Dorothy G. Huggins
Kathleen	Florence Keenan
Lady Farthingale	Marion G. Mills
A French Lodging-House Keeper	Elma Joffrion

Coach, Miss Edith M. Smaill.

Committee: Chairman, Esther F. Parshall, Margaret Weed, Margaret Ellis, Helen J. Sleeper, Dorothea P. Beard.

Beau Brummel won our hearts. He was perfect in his days of luxury and perfect in his poverty. Throughout the brief space of time in which we knew him, he clung to his ideal of what a gentleman should be; he died a hero, who had seemed almost a fool at the beginning of the play. The skill of Tracy L'Engle in developing this character may be judged by our sympathy for Beau Brummel,—a sympathy which never failed us at any moment during the play. His refinements, his airy graces, his superb self-confidence and lordly manners in the first three acts, were the very pink of perfection; his crushed and broken appearance, his tenacious clinging to old habits and ideals in the last act, were tragically pathetic. The last scene,—the death of Beau Brummel, in the presence of his former friends in high society, was a truly masterful piece of acting, on the part both of Beau and of Mortimer, his faithful servant. The fact that we, who are generally inclined to laugh at high tragedy, wept real tears over the death of Beau, bears witness to the truly artistic and convincing quality of the acting.

A notable thing about this play was the excellence of acting shown by the entire cast. Mariana Vincent, though perhaps a less finished actress than some of the other chief characters, still portrayed, quite faithfully, the sweet young girl with whom

Closing Scene from Act II of "Beau Brummel."

men invariably fall on love. Not only were the Prince and Beau Brummel, Mortimer, the Duchess of Leamington and Mrs. St. Aubyn successful, but every minor character had been trained to do, without faltering or uncertainty, her part in the working out of the plot. The result was a production unusually finished,—for a Barn play,—and points to remarkably good coaching. Any coach will spend a lot of time on the chief characters, but only an unusually good one will devote untiring patience and energy to minor parts. The Junior Class is to be envied for having had Miss Smaill for coach. Nor are the labors of the faithful committee to be overlooked. The costuming and scenery were harmonious throughout, and we hardly recognized our old Barn stage in the brilliant ball-room, with its walls of pale gold, its pots of dull green laurel, and the gay throng of dancers in their delicate gold and white. It was altogether an artistic performance and one that we will not soon forget.

AN EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE.

President William T. Foster of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, spoke to the Eta of Massachusetts Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, and invited guests, on Friday evening, November 28, in the Faculty parlor of College Hall. President Foster had been requested to tell something of the experiments he is making in Reed College; to give the principles and methods by which he is working to carry out his ideals.

Before entering upon his position as President —Reed College is now in its third year—he visited a large number of institutions, seeking to discover what are the aims of the American college, and how far these aims are being carried out. He found often inconsistency and the lack of a clear and definite purpose, but the greatest foe to any sincere progress among colleges was the servile imitation one of another. If a college felt a needed change in any direction, it immediately wrote to all the other colleges to see what they were doing, and then it copied some other college; or if it found the others in an equally bad condition, it settled back with the assurance that it was doing as well as the rest. He determined, therefore, that he would have a clearly defined goal—the training of the body and mind of the student; and that he would make everything else subservient to this aim. He saw that to do this rightly, he must establish habits of physical soundness and sanity in every student, and must create an atmosphere of intellectual activity which would be the dominating force within the college walls.

Hence he concluded that Reed College must be small and of picked students. But the difficulty of choosing among the hundreds of applicants was to be great, if the judgment of other colleges could be credited; for all the colleges that admitted on certificate were dissatisfied with the method, and all that admitted by examination were equally unhappy over the results. President Foster decided to try the novel way of combining these methods, with an addition of his own, to welcome all testimony from schools and parents, to examine sometimes, but to rely more fully upon the personal interview than upon any other means. And further to support his ideal for the college, he determined to select as his students those who were mentally alert and eager for learning, whether or not they had completed a certain set of requirements in any subject or subjects. For example, eighty per cent. of those admitted have studied Latin, the other twenty per cent. do not know that long-established prerequisite. The fact that a boy or girl has not had a given study need not exclude from admission to Reed College, but no matter how well a student has come out of the mill, if he appears indifferent to intellectual effort, he is crossed from the list. Where an interview cannot be obtained because of distance, a protracted correspondence sometimes takes its place; or a person well known and trusted by President Foster may hold the desired interview in his place. The third class has now been admitted and the college numbers about one hundred and eighty, whereas it might be a thousand, if the old standards of admission had been followed.

The method of opening the door being determined, the problems were to establish the health of the student and to maintain an intellectual atmosphere within the college. President Foster saw that, in our colleges in general, the greatest hindrance to the training for physical strength and poise, is intercollegiate athletics; because where these contests prevail the health of the mass of the students is neglected, and all efforts are centered upon a very few men. There are, therefore, at Reed College, no teams for great rival games with other colleges, but every man and every woman in the college takes part in some kind of sport. So far has the spirit of play captured the college that almost all the Faculty engage regularly in some out-of-door game. President Foster believes that in-

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CHOICES.

We hear a great deal these days about limiting the organizations in college, to simplify the social schedule. We also hear talk about limiting still more the number of clubs, leagues, etc., to which one may belong. The smaller organizations complain that they lack vitality because the girls in them can give no time; they have too much else to do. This is certainly a state of affairs which needs attention. When a college appears so over organized that every organization suffers because of the others, we naturally think, "There should be more limitations." Yet every organization is in itself good, and each one seems to have a worthy and legitimate object. What, then, is the trouble? Are there too many worthy objects in college? Is their number so great that fourteen hundred and eighty-six girls cannot, among them, give something worth giving to each? Surely that is illogical. It seems fair to give them all a chance.

Yet here we meet a girl who, besides her society and the regular college organizations such as Student Government and Christian Association, belongs to the Debating Club, the Equal Suffrage League, College Settlements, Consumers' League, and the Club for the Study of Socialism.

Is it any earthly wonder she hasn't time enough for any one of them to make it worth while for her or the club? Poor girl, what can we expect of her?

In the first place, we should have the right to expect more common sense. She ought to know, without trying it, that she cannot so divide her interests and have them really count. She ought to stop rushing along, blind and tired and realize that this is a place for individual choice.

If we were going out into the field of Social Betterment, we would not attempt to do half a dozen different kinds of work. We would not try work for the relief of destitute girls, foreign missions, playground classes, medical aid, etc., etc., all together. We would look over the field carefully, and then specialize in whatever we felt best fitted for. We'd put a lot into that one special thing, and get a lot out of it. It would not exclude us, necessarily, from knowing other things, but it would make us know one thing well. We talk so much in college about broadening, and we are so afraid of not being broad that we give ourselves a superficial coating of everything. Some of us need to deepen. We need to realize that in college, as elsewhere, we must pick and choose. Are we going to prove ourselves incapable of this power? If we do, then an arbitrary law must appear saying, "To this number only shalt thou belong." And we will be found weak, puny people, unable to limit ourselves. If we refuse to make choices, then we have chosen to lose our power.

COLLEGE MAGAZINE CONFERENCE.

It is interesting to find that undergraduate journalists are following the example set by Student Government Associations and religious organizations, in having conferences. This last Saturday marked the beginning of what promises to be a very interesting series of meetings between editors of college papers. The editors of the Barnard Bear and the Columbia Monthly invited the papers of various northern colleges to send delegates to a preliminary meeting at Columbia University. Representatives from eight other colleges came so that at the meeting were represented Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Holyoke, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton and Williams.

The principal business of the day was the formation of plans for a regular organization. It was proposed that this meet once a year, at different colleges, and that at these meetings common or unusually interesting problems of undergraduate journalists be discussed.

These problems are to embrace both the editorial and business side of college papers. Working on this idea the delegates to the meeting spoke of various interesting topics. "How to Get Good Literary Material," "A Paper's Influence on College Politics," "Faculty Censorship" and "Literary Muck-raking" were some of them. The Cornell Era's plan of having special articles by prominent outsiders was discussed. In talking over the literary value of college stories and poems, it developed that girls' colleges are more interested in this sort of thing than men's. Possibly Williams is a shining exception.

Poetry about college problems was suggested to an at first incredulous audience; but the speaker won his point by reading a poem on "Compulsory Chapel," from the Nassau Literary Magazine, which proved of itself that the thing was possible.

The Wellesley delegates received many suggestions which they hope will prove valuable. They realize that the great good of such a conference to any paper depends on how much can be brought home and used. The application of Holyoke's or Cornell's ideas to the WELLESLEY NEWS has interesting possibilities. Besides this, the editors have had a few theories of their own stimulated by the conference. And they have an idea that some of them are going to work.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—THE ALL-STAR LECTURE COURSE.

The arrangements having been completed, the All-Star Lecture Course announces an exceptionally interesting program. Its supporters may congratulate themselves on the fact they are to have four lectures instead of the three originally promised. They will be given in College Hall Chapel, on Monday evenings, as follows:

January 19, Mary Autin. Subject: "Jewish Life in the Russian Pale."

January 26, Dr. Stanton Coit. Subject: "The New Awakening of Democracy in England."

April 20, Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch. Subject: "The Old Religious Faith and the New Social Enthusiasm."

May 11, Dr. Charles Zueblin. Subject: "The Woman without Occupation."

To a Wellesley audience, Mary Autin, the author of "The Promised Land," surely needs no introduction. Even those who have not read her book know something of her childhood in Russia, her coming to our country, the struggles by which she won distinction here. We shall hear much of Mary Autin in America, for she is using that distinction as an opportunity to give us a fresh idea of our own nation as she sees it,—its golden opportunities, its defects. We shall want to hear more about the little Russian girl—and the Russia which she remembers so poignantly. We are, therefore, especially glad of the subject of her lecture.

Dr. Stanton Coit was a pioneer of the settlement movement in this country. Later, having gone to live in England, Dr. Coit became as he still remains, the leader in the Ethical Culture movement, represented among us by the work of Dr. Felix Adler. He brings the College an international point of view, an intimate knowledge of English life, a high moral idealism, and a silver speech which has always been one source of his power. To hear his lecture on "The New Awakening of Democracy in England" should enable us to gain a sense of a critical social and industrial situation as it appears, seen from within, to a man who for many years has steadily applied an ideal standard to all forms of social advance.

Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, unlike Dr. Coit, is within the ranks of organized Christianity. He seems to many people the most important leader of advanced Christian social thought in this country. He is certainly a man who helps one to think. Loyal at once to the older orthodoxy, and to the new social order in which he devoutly believes, he is aiding thousands to bridge a difficult transition, without timidity and without the sacrifice of cherished sanctities. Dr. Rauschenbusch is an avowed socialist, but his analysis of the evils in church and state is as restrained as it is penetrating, and he possesses rare spiritual delicacy and insight. His two books, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," and the later "Christianizing the Social Order," have brought him a national reputation, for they have met a great need of the hour, and are as constructive in spirit as they are keen in dissecting our national weaknesses. Dr. Rauschenbusch is professor at the Theological Seminary in Rochester a Baptist institution.

D. Charles Zueblin, editor of the "Twentieth Century Magazine" and "lecturer at large to the American people" is already well known at Wellesley. Those who heard him last spring will appreciate the previlege of having him speak to us again.

Course tickets for the four lectures will soon be on sale at the elevator table, for seventy-five cents. Single tickets will be sold at the door at thirty-five cents, providing any seats are left.

PROFESSOR MACDOUGALL'S LECTURES AT BROWN UNIVERSITY.

It is always interesting to hear of the things our Wellesley Faculty are doing outside of their work here, and the NEWS notes with a great deal of pleasure that Professor Macdougall of the Music Department is named as one of the Extension Lecturers of Brown University for 1913-14. This extension course, given in the University, and open to anyone desiring information in the fields of literature, science, history, economics and music, is carried on by such authorities as Meyer Bloomfield, Charles C. Batchelder and others.

The music course—on Beethoven and Wagner,—as given by Professor Macdougall, is emphatically non-technical, aiming at criticism and interpretation, rather than biography. The first five lectures are to be spent on the piano sonatas, the piano and violin sonatas, the chamber music and symphonies of Beethoven, and the last five to the operatic theories and operas of Wagner. All of these will be illustrated by the piano and Victrola selections.

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(Continued from page 1)

AN EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE.

dividual and combined devotion to physical exercise makes for clearer brain and more buoyant spirit.

Toward creating and maintaining a stimulating intellectual life in the college, the Faculty is the supreme force. The men and women of the Faculty, mainly from eastern institutions, have been chosen primarily for their teaching ability, for their power of rousing enthusiasm in intellectual work. President Foster does not believe in the lecture method, and hence has chosen teachers instead of lecturers. He encourages personal intercourse, outside of the class room, between teacher and student, because he thinks both old and young thereby understand each other better and teach and learn better, and because he firmly believes that young people left alone cannot form high standards and ideals of living. He endeavors to see that these men and women are not overburdened with too many hours of class room work, and he pays them an adequate living salary, so that they have no need of taking time for hack work to eke out a living.

The curriculum has been kept simple and along broad lines. There is a clear attempt to make all courses approximately equal in interest and difficulty; no snap courses can be found or elected. There are no prescriptions or prerequisites for election of courses, except such as any particular course itself naturally demands; each student selects his own advisor among the Faculty, and chooses his courses in consultation with that advisor. No student takes more than four subjects at one time, and specialization is encouraged.

The social life is made subordinate to the intellectual life. Secret societies were excluded at the beginning by President Foster, because he believes, from observation, that they are undemocratic and bring many undesirable features into the college, such as jealouses, rivalries, a habit of wasting time, and that most pernicious of all evils, the desire to imitate the social life of the outside world. The social life is entirely in the hands of an elected student committee, and there are no Faculty rules regarding that life. President Foster declared that there is no such thing as Student Government, since the government of the college must ultimately rest with the Faculty and must always rest there, but he is quite satisfied that the control should remain with the students, so long as they are filled with the ideal of the whole college; the ideal that the intellectual interest is the dominating and all-important interest; that the training of mind and body is the supreme and absorbing business of President, Faculty and students. It is in the life and growth of the body and mind that the student must find his chief pleasure; if he does not do so, Reed College is not the place for him, and he is invited to go elsewhere.

At the beginning and at the close of his talk, President Foster emphasized the fact that as yet he had no results to show; the college was too young to have reached conclusions. He and the men and women with him are, however, eagerly experimenting toward a college that shall send out young men and women sounder in body and stronger in mind and character than usually go from our colleges.

LAURA E. LOCKWOOD.

FRESHMAN ELECTION.

The Class of 1917 has elected Dorothy Rhodes as president.

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FREE PRESS.

WHY THE FREE PRES SHOULD NOT BE ABOLISHED.

The suggestion was publicly made, last week that the Free Press column of the NEWS be abolished and that a bulletin board be substituted, as registry for kicks, criticisms and ideas of the college-at-large. The reason given was that, since newspapers use and abuse their privilege of reprinting to the limit of the law, and since Wellesley is at present endeavoring to raise an Endowment Fund, it would be wise to avoid prejudicing possible donors by eliminating the source of most of the misrepresentation.

There are several reasons why such a measure would be unwise. In the first place, the bulletin board cannot take the place of the Free Press column. It lacks the dignity of the printed page and would fail to obtain due consideration for whatever ideas, theories, or criticisms we might wish to advance thereon. Then, the bulletin-board would not reach the whole College, and the leavening effect of our ideas would touch only the limited group of those who found time to consult the board.

In the second place, this plan would not be fair to the COLLEGE NEWS. Did you ever stop to think what the paper would be without the Free Press column? It would be a vehicle for current College news, and a medium for the ideas of a small group of editors. It would fail to express anything of the reactionary influence which Wellesley ideals have on the students at large, and it would so lose one of its most vital features.

Then, lastly, the motive offered for abolishing the Free Press hardly seems worthy. We don't want donations for our Fund which are given under the mistaken impression that Wellesley is "sans reproche." That is not a healthy state of mind for the public to be in. We doubt very much, indeed, if any sane man would want to contribute to such an institution. It is surely more of a recommendation for people to know that Wellesley has faults and is striving to remedy them than to allow them to think that we have reached a state of idealistic perfection.

K. C. B., 1916.

"GREATLY EXAGGERATED."

The Philosophy Club learns with surprise, from an editorial in the NEWS of December 4, that it has "gone under entirely." Mark Twain once wrote from London that the report of his death had been "greatly exaggerated;" and the Philosophy Club makes a similar protest. It voted, to be sure, at a well-attended meeting in October, that it would remit its dues and omit its open meeting for a year, leaving to the department the pleasant duty of inviting lecturers on philosophy. In the meantime it is quietly meditating on its future plans and incidentally contributing a purely voluntary lecture-fund which has already nearly touched the normal amount usually paid in fees. The club which has "gone under" therefore bobs up to assure its well-wishers that it is swimming under water.

AS EXPERIENCE HATH SHOWN.

In a recent Free Press, "For English Sharks and Others," a graduate of Wellesley attacks, among other things, the aims and methods of English Composition in her Alma Mater. I do not know just how this course was conducted when "naughty-three" was here, but in view of my own recent

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experience with English I, and my present occupation with English II, I differ with this worthy Alumna as to the present purpose of this course. Clearness, she says, is not emphasized,—force and elegance take its place. Just where the two latter flourish at the expense of the former is not clear to me. My own vain attempts to conceal a vague conception behind elaborate phrases have resulted only in a strengthened conviction that the one high goal and noble purpose of our required courses in English is clear expression of clear thought. Though the force of a literary production approaches that of Carlyle, and its elegance rivals that of Matthew Arnold himself, what doth it profit the reader, queries the instructor, if the meaning thereof be not clear? Thereupon, whether from a real longing to cultivate clarity of expression, or from the more material desire to pass the course, we try most diligently to make our ideas clear to the children of men. No matter how much we may be persuaded that our budding literary ability is being suppressed, and no matter how much we may grieve that our latent powers of narration are not being developed, nevertheless we submit, with what grace we may, to the exactions of exposition, for it is inevitable and there is no escape from it.

1916.

1914.

Several Freshmen have asked of late, after observing the thirty-nine or forty faithful ones who occupy the front seats each morning, "If chapel means so much, why don't the Seniors go?" and "The Seniors don't go to chapel, why should we?" Then a Junior said scoffingly, "1914 can't say anything about us; they don't go to chapel themselves!"

Apparently we are not living up to either our convictions or our responsibilities. Judging by the applause with which we greet all speeches on chapel attendance, made in Student Government and class meetings, we are convinced that the daily morning service is a fine and helpful event. We have impressed the other classes with the importance of it. Now the responsibility of leadership in a college community is not a thing to be put on and worn with a grave air only on very special and state occasions, and then cast off and forgotten. We must be mindful of it in all the every-day affairs of our life here, for in these it counts. If, therefore, we wish morning chapel to be well attended, we must set the standard of attendance which we would have the other classes follow. E. L., 1914.

WHAT CHRISTMAS VACATION MEANT TO ME.

I wonder if you remember how you felt, in the fall of your Freshman year at College, when you discovered that you were not the personage of vast importance you had always thought yourself to be? Do you remember the way you rebelled against being one,—just one, of fourteen hundred girls? How bitter your resentment when none of the girls in the house, not even your own room-mate, considered you of enough importance to consult you about anything at all! The uncomplimentary grades you received were so bewildering, you could only stare in wet-eyed astonishment at the kindly registrar when she told you that you really must do better work in French, and Botany, AND Literature, AND Hygiene, AND Algebra, AND English! You awoke to the fact that you were a numskull,—always had been,—probably always would be. You felt that the word Failure was branded on your forehead. Everybody knew what a mess you had made of it all. Everybody knew,—but nobody cared!

Then Christmas vacation came. You had a bad cold; you were behind in your work; you were utterly discouraged. But once on the west-bound train, with the campus far behind you, your spirits began to revive. You were going home!

So far, this has been a fairly faithful account of what may have happened to almost any Freshman of less than average ability, during those first months of disillusionment at College. The further adventures of this sorry little Freshman, however, are exclusively my own. Each mile that brought me nearer home brought, also, a certain degree of self-confidence. I held my head higher. When I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror, I found that I was not so insignificant looking as I had been a few hours earlier. My suit was not too disgracefully out of date,—my hat was distinctly becoming. The self-depreciative reserve I had been storing up for months began to dissolve,—and I desired to talk, to hold genial converse with someone,—anyone who would listen. In this melting mood, I reached my home. Oh, how good it seemed to step off the train into the arms of my father!

During the first meal, I talked incessantly. The dear father and mother listened so sympathetically to the trivial girlish things I was telling them that I began to wonder how I could bear to break the news to them,—how I could tell them that their daughter was a commonplace mortal, unworthy of a college education. But I never can keep anything from my father very long, and so I blurted out the few words that were to lose me their trust forever. I waited with a shamed, bowed head for their words of resentment or resignation. None came. I looked up, and beheld my mother smiling at me with apparently undiminished confidence, while my father cried, "Nonsense! You are all right. Do not be so easily discouraged." I thought they had not understood me; so I repeated what I had said. Nothing I could say disturbed them in the least. I went to bed that night still convinced of my own worthlessness, but wonderfully soothed and comforted by the blessed knowledge that two people, anyway, believed in me and my ability.

The next day was the Sabbath. I was eager to greet the many friends I was sure to see at church,—but I rather dreaded them, too. Of course, they did not know the truth about me, but I fancied that they might easily remark my air of discouragement. I was sure I looked the part of a miserable bankrupt.

It is something to have lived all one's life in the same small town; to have known the same people; attended the same school; gone to the same church. I have a comfortable sense of proprietorship in all Fairview, but I feel as if that church were peculiarly my own. As my father and I entered the church that Sunday before Christmas, we were stopped many times before we could reach our pew. Even for a Methodist church, ours is especially informal. So the sexton, the usher, the organist, grasped my hand in turn. Was I glad to be at home? How did College go? How well I was looking! When the service began, I joined in the opening hymn with a decided quaver in my voice. They were all so glad to see me,—and what had I done to make myself worthy of such interest? I received stealthy winks and nods of greeting from different members of the choir. Some of them affected not to see me, but betrayed themselves in long comprehensive stares when they thought I did not know it. The preacher gave thanks to God for the safe return of a beloved one to the midst of her church family; my father pressed my hand, while the more old-fashioned brothers and sisters added a hearty "A-men!" Who could help crying? I could not, and I could not tell which emotion was uppermost as I wiped away tears of happiness and remorse.

After church, relatives and friends crowded around so thickly that I laughed and cried in the same breath to see them. Everyone had a different question to ask. Some, right then and there, wanted to know all about College! Others asked about my trip home. One dear old lady gave me a "receit" for my cold. The same scene was repeated at Sunday-school, where I saw other friends who had not been at church. The teacher of our class looked at the excited girls around her, and said, "We will not have the lesson to-day, girls,—lets just talk." They were girls who could not hope for a college education, and their eager, unselfish

(Continued on page 6)

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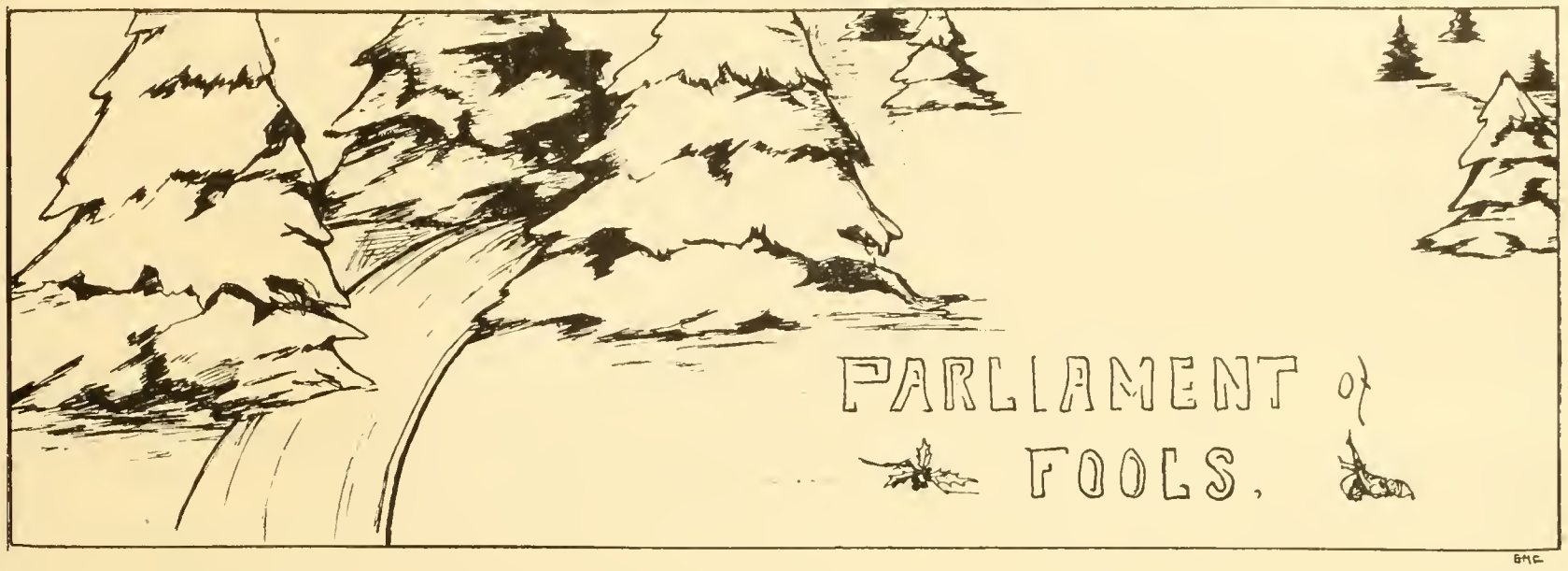

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

Time: Christmas Eve, 1913.
Place: Christmas-Tree Alley.

Dramatis Personae.

1st Christmas-Tree.
2nd Christmas-Tree.
Board Walk.
Botany Beech.
H. B. B.
Bubblers Three { Longie, Chemie, Ellie
Hymn Book.
Grippe Germ.
Medical Excuse Slip.
Ink Spot.
Registration Box.

First Christmas-Tree:
'Tis the night before Christmas and all through the alley,
Not a creature doth glide, toward College to sally.
Second Christmas-Tree:
I in my needles, the beech in his bark
Have just wakened up from our nap. Oh, hark!
Board Walk (creaking):
Hum! Hum!
Hear they come!
At my feet I feel them—some.
Now beyond my knees they're running,
All this pounding haste is stunning.

Enter Registration Box, Ink Spot and Hymn Book from one direction; Grippe Germ and Excuse Slip hand in hand from the other.

First Christmas-Tree: You really must walk more quietly, or we shall be reported. Are you there, Botany Beech?
Botany Beech (smoothly): Present! Every fissure open to suggestions for entertainment!
Grippe Germ: Yes, do start something! I'm ravenous!
Registration Box: Empty is no word for it!
Excuse Slip (weeping): I'm so blue!
Hymn Book: It's lonelier than ever, now that the choir are gone.
Ink Spot (oozily): A homeless wanderer on Christmas Eve! Driven from the most literary domain I ever graced!
Board Walk (woodenly): Not another word! I'm the only cheerful one among you, and I have the most to complain of. Of course you think it's a mere detail to have one's foot broken off and replaced with tar; and to be continually under heel or hammer. Ow! There comes something now.
Botany Beach: Those frivolous bubblers! Always gurgling and dancing!
Enter Longie, Chemie and Ellie, bubbling and singing:

"Take a sip, love;
Wet your lip, love;
Let us gently splash your nose!
Stand in line, love.
Bend your spine, love,
No one ever past us goes."

Ink Spot:
Now here is where proximity
Would surely be the death of me.
Chemie (ripplingly): Oh, is that you? My friend Acida passed me yesterday on her way to you. Did you meet?
Ink Spot (blackly):
Venit, vidit, vicit.
Botany Beech: What unifoliate nonsense! I was about to remark—When you nipped me in the bud—
Board Walk: Some one of my relatives approaches.
(Enter H. B. B.)
Well, old chap! What made you come out here to-night? We're bored enough without you.
H. B. B.: Of course you are. You shouldn't go in for so many activities.
Botany Beech: If you were scarred as I am—
H. B. B.: Who asked you to be scarred?
Bubblers Three (giggling in unison): What a g-g-grouchy company!
Botany Beech: He jests at scars who never had a leaf.
Second Christmas-Tree: By my gum! This is Christmas Eve, and we haven't a Santa Claus!
H. B. B.: Haven't you outgrown such childish nonsense yet? (December 24, 11.20 P.M.)
Botany Beech: How deliquescent of you!
Bubblers Three (gurgling):

We want a Santa Claus!
We want him—oh, because
Who cares for nature's laws
On Christmas Eve?

Botany Beech: I wish you'd stop bubbling. You make me thirsty.
H. B. B.: Why should one outgrow childish nonsense? Let us always remain childish, (December 24, 11.30 P.M.) I will be your Santa Claus.
All (in unison): But you have no presents!
H. B. B.: Let us be idealists! (December 24, 11.45 P.M.). The desirable thing is not always material.
Botany Beech: Kindly stipulate!
H. B. B.: To your dicotyledonous majesty I present a cambium ring and a year's secluded quiet, undisturbed by parties of tourists.
Botany Beech: Oh happy day! That will be most adventitious for my year's growth.
H. B. B.: To you, Ink Spot, I grant a day's abode in the body of the editorial fountain pen, followed by a place in an invaluable Free Press manuscript.
Ink Spot (liquidly): What more could I ask?
H. B. B.: To you, Hymn Book, I grant a half hour of entertaining company every day. To you, Registration Box, a sharpened pencil. To you, Excuse Slip, a year's absence from Mary Hemenway. To you, Bubblers,—Oh, what do you want?
Bubblers Three:
Permission to run in the Spring, tra la,
When ice and snow are all gone.
When bubblers and birds want to sing—tra la.
H. B. B.: Enough. Your request is granted.
Board Walk (cracking): Do you propose to leave me out? I won't be trampled under foot.
H. B. B.: May you widen and solidify! Christmas-Trees hold down the name of our alley for another year, and comfort the sore throats which under you—
Grippe Germ: Speaking of sore throats—
H. B. B.: Oh yes, I'm coming to you. There are seventy-six good dinners awaiting you in College Hall.
Grippe Germ: I will put a girdle 'round each one in forty minutes!
Exit Grippe Germ.
H. B. B.: Why are we forever talking and not doing? (December 24, 11.59 P.M.) Off to your jobs every one of you—and a Merry Christmas!

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(Concluded from page 4.)

WHAT CHRISTMAS VACATION MEANT TO ME.

interest in Wellesley touched me so that I could scarcely speak.

In the days that followed, I received many calls. Some high-school girls confided to me that their one absorbing ambition was to go to college "just like you." One or two of them said that their parents objected to college because "a girl was never any good after a year or so of it." I found to my horror that one father was waiting to see "how Marie Parker turned out," before sending his own daughter to school!

When the last day of vacation came, I saw that I could not,—dare not fail. I simply had to make good,—so much depended upon me! For the sake of home, church and—well, county (if not country), I should have to believe in myself, make myself work, and eventually win. The honor of little Fairview is in my hands! It is a powerful incentive! It is a terrible responsibility! 1916.

THE "GRANDDAUGHTERS" TEA.

On Saturday afternoon, December 6, Miss Whiting gave a tea in the Observatory House, for the girls whose mothers were at any time students of the College, those girls who like to call themselves the "granddaughters of the College." The granddaughters were especially invited to meet Mrs. Durant, but they had also the pleasure of meeting President Pendleton, Dean Waite, Miss Tufts, Mrs. Whiting and many members of the Faculty.

As the girls entered each one was "labelled" with a card bearing her own name and class and her mother's name and class, so that not only the girls who had met at Miss Whiting's teas in former years, but the many Freshmen were at once made known to each other. The attractive observatory house was made all the more interesting by the display of a beautiful Chinese embroidery, which is usually kept in the College safe. After the many greetings had been exchanged, everyone gathered around the piano and joined in singing the songs which all generations of Wellesley girls have known and sung.

PROFESSOR PALMER'S LECTURE.

In a long, continuous poetic career of sixty-five years, Tennyson, like Wordsworth and Browning, dedicated his life to his art. The periods into which his life may be divided are those which correspond to the divisions of his poetic interest and production, (1) from 1809 to 1830, the period of his youth; (2) from 1830, the date of the publication of his first collection of poems, to 1850, the culmination of his career; (3) from 1850 to 1870, the date of the completion of the Idylls; (4) from 1870 to 1892, the date of his death.

The productions of the first period of his life are wholly imitative, comparatively insignificant and strangely remote from all his later aims. The second period, which was spent largely in London and which was marked by the death of Arthur Hallam, was the period of lyric production, in which his chief interest was the problem of human will and aspiration in clash with circumstance. In the third period, in which his verse was mainly epic or narrative, he dealt predominantly with social questions. The last period of his life was a reaching beyond mere social problems into deeper questions of humanitarian and historical interest.

Tennyson's poetry is characterized throughout by deep patriotism, devotion to England and to English institutions. As a love poet he represents an attitude opposed to that of Burns; his interest is mainly in the stabilities of love, in permanence as a foundation for companionship. The main philosophical problem with which Tennyson is concerned is that of possible reconciliation between the mechanical and the spiritual view of the universe. Trained in scientific research, he yet felt deeply the impulse of the personal life. Tennyson's solution of the problem was not as harmonious a one as Wordsworth's. He never could quite attain the moment of complete reconciliation. The problem of the body and the spirit led to the problem of immortality, to the question: Can spirit abide apart from matter? Is love subject to the accidents of the physical world? Arthur Hallam characterizes Tennyson's twofold acquisition to English poetry by his power of embodying himself in ideal character or moods of character and by his versatility and power of lyrical measure, his "exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell of feelings." The new Romanticism in poetry required a new instrument and Tennyson helped to enlarge its scope by his skill in the construction of new stanzas and measures. As a poet of moods, Tennyson is romantic in that he is individual. He felt the diversity rather than the unity of life. His ability to portray successive mood, successive phases of grief, is most clearly felt in "In Memoriam," the greatest of mood poems. Tennyson's study of moods of man led him to a study of the moods of nature, in consequence of which much of his poetry is characterized by pathetic fallacy.

As a dramatic poet Tennyson fails in that he has created no great character; his tendency to write lyric verse, mood poems forced itself into his dramatic works and spoiled their dramatic construction.

In conclusion, Dr. Palmer quoted Tennyson's own tribute to his art. Like Merlin, early in life he felt the "gleam," the call to follow it and be true to it.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

FELLOWSHIPS OF THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The Alumnæ Association of Wellesley College offers the Susan M. Hallowell Fellowship of three hundred and fifty dollars for the year 1914-15, available for graduate study, in candidacy for the M. A. degree, at Wellesley. This fellowship, maintained in honor of Wellesley's first professor of Botany, is open to any graduate of Wellesley or other college of good standing. In general, preference is given to applicants who have already, as teachers or along other lines of activity, rendered service and demonstrated power.

The Association furthermore offers the Mary E. Horton Fellowship of three hundred and fifty dollars for the year 1914-15, available for graduate study, in candidacy for a higher degree, at Wellesley or elsewhere. This fellowship, maintained in honor of Wellesley's first professor of Greek, is open to Wellesley graduates only. In general, preference is given to applicants who have already taken the Master's degree.

The holder of either of these fellowships, if she is to do her graduate work at Wellesley, may also apply for one of the resident scholarships of one hundred and seventy-five dollars offered by the Trustees to graduate students resident at Wellesley College. The amount of the scholarship covers tuition for a year.

Applications should be made by personal letter from the candidate to the chairman of the committee. This letter should be accompanied by:

1. A certified record from the registrar of the college which awarded the earlier degree or degrees.

2. Testimonials from instructors as to ability and achievement in the lines of study proposed.

3. Testimonials from qualified judges as to health and character.

4. Specimens of scientific or literary work in the form of publications, papers, notes, outlines, collections, etc.

The committee reserves the right of withholding either of these fellowships in case no excellent candidate is found among the applicants.

Applications for the year 1914-15 must be in the hands of the Committee on or before February first, 1914. These should be sent to the Chairman, Professor Annie S. Montague, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

The committee of award consists of the following Alumnæ of Wellesley: Prof. Annie S. Montague, Chairman, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.; Professor Elizabeth H. Palmer, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. Martha Mann Magoun, 70 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Mass.

JARGON AND THE UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE.

If one extends to college magazines the criticism directed by "The (English) Nation" against "ministerial answers in Parliament and the leading articles in the newspapers," one indeed carries the war into close quarters, where it may be waged perhaps to some advantage.

"'Jargon' is a term which will live," says The Nation of May 10th, "and henceforth the man who respects himself must learn to know it when he writes it." It is not hard to know it, and one realizes with depression how much undergraduate writing it describes. The word scarcely needs definition, for examples are so frequent.

In an essay that is not wholly undiscriminating Mr. Galsworthy's work is labeled by such colorless vague formulae as these: "Mr. Galsworthy can be considered not only as a playwright—His poetry is very charming. . . . None could accuse Mr. Galsworthy of lack of scope. His comedies and tragedies are equally well done, and besides he has written a charming fanciful play, 'The Little Dream.' His method is very realistic, so much so as to be almost photographic." One does not have to be told that such stereotyped hieroglyphics as these are one form of the accurséd thing.

Even in the college magazines of the highest standard we so seldom escape from the "fog and cotton wool of abstract terms" that we almost forget that there is a clearer, more stimulating atmosphere.

Sometimes one finds a paragraph in which the fog is brightened by the glow of real Journalese, that "creative, imaginative, resourceful" Jargon. Not many of us would challenge such sentences as these: "A goodly percentage of adolescent humanity, I argued, must certainly possess a natural heritage of ideas. Not of necessity glaringly new ideas, nor even remarkably sensible ones, but at least ideas bearing some hint of that lavish strength which (they say) is an indispensable part of the paraphernalia of Youth." They are firm, upright sentences but they are stamped as Jargon—they are "vague," "Latinic,"—"aloof from the crude vulgarities of daily speech."

Occasionally, however, one finds an original luminous phrase flashing out a concrete image and it is this which makes it worth while to carry the fight against Jargon into our quarters. "One important function of undergraduate writing" (we paraphrase a sentence from an essay in the "Yale Literary Magazine") "is to serve as a testing ground, a trying out place, where the incipient writer may discover if he will, whether or not he has a right to write."

Since sometimes there is amidst the shuffling a clean, free stroke, there is reason to believe that Jargon can be driven from our quarters if the college magazines will vigorously umpire the testing ground, clearing it of all which is "vague without grandeur, wooly without voluptuous softness, abstract without metaphysical aloofness."

From the Vassar Miscellany.

NEWS OF THE WELLESLEY CLUBS.

Central California.

The Central California Wellesley Club met in San Francisco, at the home of Miss Mabel Pierce, '04, Saturday afternoon, November 15. There were twenty-one present. Much time was given to the discussion of topics of interest to Wellesley women: The progress of the Endowment Fund Campaign; the choice of a nominee for Alumnæ trustee; preparations for entertaining President Pendleton when she comes to San Francisco in January; the subjects to be discussed by the Graduate Council in February. The remainder of the time was purely social.

Sarah Bixby Smith,
Corresponding Secretary.

Officers of the Colorado Wellesley Club.

President, Miss Adelaide Denis,
Hotel Alta Vista, Colorado Springs.
Vice-President, Mrs. Emma T. Tyler,
1353 Gaylord Street, Denver.
Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Martha Schenck,
3015 Lowell Boulevard, Denver.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles Lijel, Jr.,
1420 East Fourteenth Avenue, Denver.

New Haven.

Mrs. Wallace Moyle entertained very delightfully the members of the New Haven Wellesley Club at the first meeting of the season held on October 25.

An executive meeting was held early in the afternoon, followed by the general business meeting of the fall, presided over by Miss Lura Griswold, the president.

Miss Wheeler was re-elected Graduate Councillor from the New Haven Club. Informal plans were then discussed relative to the entertainment for Miss Pendleton, the President of Wellesley, who will later visit the New Haven Club to discuss the raising of a Million Dollar Endowment Fund. It was decided to hold the annual luncheon of the club on the occasion of Miss Pendleton's visit.

A delightful entertainment was given by Miss Sophie Brown of Naugatuck, who played the violin to the accompaniment of Mrs. Moyle, and who rendered an exceedingly pleasing program. Miss Griswold also gave several recitations which were much applauded and enjoyed.

In the late afternoon tea was served to those present, who included: Dr. Alice Porter Ford, Mrs. Wallace Moyle, Miss Sophia Brown, Miss Ruth Fowler, Mrs. John Tracy, Mrs. Charles W. Whittlesey, Miss Frances Small, Miss Lura Griswold, Mrs. Charles Harte, Mrs. Dibble, Miss Catherine Gowing, Miss Bertha Watson of Bridgeport, Mrs. Harry Andrews.

New York.

The first meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held at the Woman's University Club on October 25th. In spite of the rain there must have been about one hundred members present. The business was as follows: Miss Elsie Goddard's resignation as Councillor was read and Mrs. Paul was appointed in her place. The amendments to the Constitution were reread and accepted as read. The Executive Board recommended that the club luncheon be in January and the entertainment take place in the spring vacation. Since our club membership is over three hundred we were entitled to a third director on the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations and Mrs. Farnsworth of Edgewater, N. J., was elected as this director. It was then voted to take $33.00 from the treasury for the deficit in the contribution of this Bureau and to make an appeal to members to reimburse the Club treasury. Then followed the report of the Social Service Committee and the report of the General Committee of the Endowment Fund, both by Miss May Matthews. It was voted to appropriate $25.00 for postage for that committee's correspondence. A brief report from Miss Coaney, the New York Wellesley visitor at Commencement and the report of Miss Marshall, our Graduate Councillor for June, 1912, closed the business of this meeting. The most delightful and interesting part of the meeting was the address given by Miss Hart, which followed. Very few of us have ever before realized the great need and demand for an Endowment Fund at Wellesley and we should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Hart for putting the matter before us so clearly. Refreshments were then served and we were very glad to see many new members, several of them being from the class of 1913.

May A. R. Gorham.

Omaha.

On Monday afternoon, May 19, 1913, the Omaha Wellesley Club gave an entertainment at the high school to interest the girls in Wellesley. One member of the Club represented a Wellesley Freshman, to whom talks were addressed concerning different phases of college life. Appropriate songs were interspersed, rendered by the rest of the members as glee club. The program was as follows:

"Tra la la" ..... Glee Club
Student Government and Christian Association ..... May Somers
"Alma Mater" ..... Glee Club
Barnswallows ..... Gretchen McConnell
"Down at the Barn" ..... Quartette
Sports and Gymnasium ..... Corinne Searle
"Crew Song" ..... Glee Club
Pranks and Revels, ... Alice Paine
"Problems" ..... Glee Club
Choir, Serenades, Step-singing ..... Nell Carpenter
"Wellesley Step Song" ..... Glee Club
Educational Advantages at Wellesley, Mrs. Dahlman
"'Neath the Oaks" ..... Glee Club
Freshman ..... Alice Buchanan

The speakers were in fitting costume. The program was followed by stereopticon pictures of the campus, buildings and interesting college events, the lantern being lent by the high school.

This program was repeated at Brownell Hall, Wednesday evening, May 21, 1913.

SYRACUSE.

A regular meeting of the Syracuse Wellesley Club was held in the music room of the Y. W. C. A., Syracuse, November 1, 1913. New by-laws to the model constitution were read and adopted. In order to permit the election of officers at the annual meeting (the first meeting in the fall) as provided for in the new by-laws, the officers resigned in a body. Officers for the year 1913-1914 were elected as follows:

President, Mrs. C. H. Carter
(Jessie Gidley, '06)
Vice-President, Mrs. J. Willis Candee
(Emily M. Copley, ex. '86)
Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence Hancock
(Emily W. Shonk, '08)
1408 East Genesee Street,
Syracuse, N. Y.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Louis Shaul
(Ruth Warren, '08)
Councillor 1913-1914, 1914-1915, 1915-1916, Mrs. Parker A. Stacey
(Marjorie S. Lipe, '10)

Miss Marjorie E. Wyatt, Proxy Councillor for Mrs. Parker A. Stacey, to the June, 1913, meeting of the Council, gave her report.

MARJORIE E. WYATT.

WESTERN WASHINGTON.

The Western Washington Wellesley Club held its fall meeting on Saturday, November 15, at the home of Miss Mary Snyder, '10, 612 North Fourth Street, Tacoma, the Seattle members being entertained at luncheon by the Tacoma members. Mrs. Alice Miller Tintmeyer, President of the Club, presided and seventeen members were present. The chief feature of the afternoon was the report by Mrs. Eleanor Brooks Gulick, of the meeting of the Graduate Council, last June, which she had attended as proxy for Mrs. Laura Whipple Carr, Councillor-at-Large. The report was very full and vividly related and the interest of the Club was attested by frequent interruptions in the way of questions. Following this report, Miss Florence Swearingen, '13, described the festivities of Commencement week, giving the personal touch that carried all back to their own student days. Dr. Mabel Seagrave, Secretary-Treasurer, was appointed press agent for Seattle and Mrs. Mary Sherwood Temple for Tacoma. Miss Mary Snyder was appointed chairman of the Club Committee for the Endowment Fund.

LAURA WHIPPLE CARR,
Secretary Pro tem.

WORCESTER.

The Worcester Wellesley Club had its annual luncheon, November 1, at the Putnam and Thurston restaurant, about fifty being present. A short business meeting, presided over by the president, Mrs. Albert E. Flint, followed. Mrs. Christobel Kidder, coach for the Club plays, entertained with a reading from a manuscript play, by Henry Arthur Jones, the title being: "Dolly Reforming Herself." Permission to read this play was given by the author, this being its first reading in America.

HELEN E. GREENWOOD, '96,
Recording Secretary Worcester Wellesley Club.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS.

From Grace Leigh Duncan, '91, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

You like to send more than a card to so many friends at the holiday season yet do not wish an expensive gift, burdensome to you in the giving and to them in the receiving. Let me help you to solve the vexing question by mailing you a copy of "Days of 1914" in artistic cover design with a daily seed thought to drop in the mind of your friend, or a copy of "The Sunday-school Booklet" which gives the Sunday-school Lesson in addition to the daily quotation and scripture reading. In both booklets Stevenson's Morning and Evening Prayer appear as fore-word and after-word. If you send for one copy you will order a dozen or more, so why not take advantage of the discount rates?

IN MEMORY OF LUCY ELIZABETH WHITE, WELLESLEY, '93.

The Shakespeare Society has made the following record:

The goodness of God has provided in this world of His, certain exceptional men and women whose special province it seems to make the fine things of life more precious. Of this noble company was Elizabeth White. In her, moreover, a fine and lofty spirit was bodied forth in such rare physical charm and softened to the sweet uses of friendship by such warm and ready sympathy that we who knew her will rejoice always that she has made known to us much that is good and beautiful and dear in life which, but for her, we should have missed.

ELIZABETH R. KELLOGG, '89-'91.
CANDACE C. STIMSON, '92.
OLIVE E. CROUCHER, '14,
President of Shakespeare Society.

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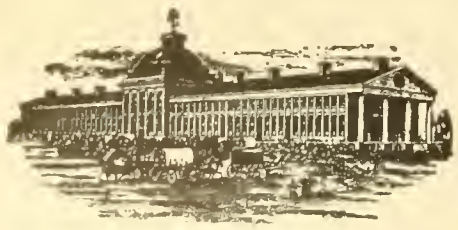

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